

ay 9, 1918

Life

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NOTICE TO READER

When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.

NO WRAPPING

NO ADDRESS



THE WINNING HAND



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"Fit for a King"

REPRODUCTION OF THE FAMOUS PAINTING MADE BY MAXFIELD PARRISH FOR THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

FISK CORD TIRES are made especially for the car owner who can be satisfied with only the highest type of tire construction and quality.

The Fisk Cord is a big tire. It enhances the appearance of a car. It has all the endurance,

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MADE WITH BOTH RIBBED AND FISK NON-SKID TREADS

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*"Every Miller Cord Specialist
Has Had 10 Years'
Training"*



Tiredom's Great Feat—the Uniform Cord

Chief of the Miller Tires—All Built By Champions

THE Miller Rubber Co. has successfully applied to the building of Cord-type Tires their championship system that gave the world Uniform fabric tires.

And no motoring sensation is comparable to the buoyancy of riding on Miller Uniform Cords.

Size for size they have much greater air capacity than ordinary tires. And their hand construction makes them wonderfully flexible.

The big strong cords fairly float in new live rubber.

Geared-to-the-Road

Miller Uniform Cord Tires are made with two treads—the conventional ribbed type and the Geared-to-the-Road. Only Miller Tires have this latter feature, for this is a patented design. It has the advantage of caterpillar feet that engage the ground like cogs.

Geared-to-the-Road gives positive traction, with practically no skidding, hence great security on roads.

It also prevents the wheels from spinning as you start

the car, saving your tires from being scuffed and "burned."

99 Per Cent Excellent

No other tires can ever be as uniform as Miller until the men who build them are as uniform as Miller tire builders. For tires contain much handwork—Cord tires most of all.

This is why we developed the body of Cord Tire Champions. Each man is a specialist of 10 years' training or more. Their average efficiency is 96 per cent, notwithstanding that every man signs each tire he builds and is penalized if ever one comes back.

That is why 99 Miller Tires in 100 outrun standard guarantees.

Not 1 per cent ever need adjustment. Under like conditions, Miller Tires—Cord-type or fabric—wear

the same.

This year, our output must be limited. Only about one man in 25 can make good here.

To be sure you'll get Millers, speak to the authorized dealer now for your supply.

Distributors, Dealers and others desiring a profitable tire agency with an assured future should write for attractive proposition. A few exceptional territories to be awarded soon.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

*Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes, The Team-Mates of Uniform Tires.
Miller Tire Accessories are the life-savers of old tires and the "first aid" to injured ones.*

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What Are You Doing About This?

No matter how humble your place may seem, you can do something.
 You can help when your neighbors ask you to take part in war work.
 You can save on food and non-essentials.
 You can notify the authorities about suspicious characters.
 You can buy Liberty Bonds and contribute to the Red Cross (drive coming this month).
 You can keep cheerful by sending it to a soldier or by becoming yourself a regular subscriber to

Special Offer
Enclosed
find one Dollar
(Canadian
\$1.13; Foreign
\$1.26). Send LIFE
for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

40

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

Life

For subscription rates to members of the American Expeditionary Forces, see coupon.

Nujol for constipation



As a child she is health incarnate. She will keep that clear-eyed charm all her life if she is taught the priceless habit of regularity now. NUJOL will make her—and you—regular as clockwork.

It is absolutely harmless. Try it.

On sale at all drug stores. Send 50c. and we will ship new kit size to United States soldiers and sailors anywhere.

STANDARD OIL CO (NEW JERSEY)
BAYONNE

NEW JERSEY

"REGULAR AS CLOCKWORK"





No master record shall be considered as satisfactory and complete and perfect until it has been approved not only by an authorized representative of the Victor Company, but also by the artist.

Extract from Victor artists' contract

FARRAR



Every Victor Record must have the artist's own approval

Our contract demands it

Not only must every Victor Record receive the approval of the Victor Recording Laboratory before it is listed in the Victor Record catalog, but *the artist who makes the record* must also be satisfied that it portrays his or her art with absolute fidelity.

When you play a Victor Record on the Victrola, you can be sure the interpretation you hear is exactly as the artist sang or played it—*exactly as he or she wishes you to hear it*.

So true to life in every detail that Victor Records have also earned for themselves the universal and enthusiastic approval of the great final judge—the music-loving public.

There are Victors and Victrolas from \$10 to \$400, and any Victor dealer will gladly demonstrate them and play your favorite music for you. Saenger Voice Culture Records are invaluable to vocal students—ask to hear them.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U.S.A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Important Notice. Victor Records and Victor Machines are scientifically coordinated and synchronized in the processes of manufacture, and their use, one with the other, is absolutely essential to a perfect reproduction.

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month.

"Victrola" is the Registered Trade-mark of the Victor Talking Machine Company designating the products of this Company only.

Victrola

GALLI-CURCI
© MISKIN

HOMER
© STRAUSS PATTON

SCOTTI
© MISKIN

JASCHIA HELLER



LIFE



Sword and Horn

(Dedicated to George Creel)

WHERE shattered crags are tumbled heap on heap,
Within a cave, King Arthur lies asleep

Among his knights who wait, with steel on side,
The call that yet shall bid them mount and ride.

And where those knights in iron slumber ring
A nation's hope, the golden-bearded king;

There hangs a horn, long centuries unbreathed;
There hangs a sword in leathern scabbard sheathed.

A shepherd once, among the hills astray,
To that weird cavern found the secret way.

He stared upon the great king, helmed and crowned,
The armored paladins in slumber bound,

The stalwart earls in silk and miniver,
The ready steeds awaiting but the spur;

He saw the sword and horn;—for woe or weal
The horn he seized, and blew a mighty peal!

The cavern rang. The great king half awoke,
And scornfully in rumbling thunder spoke:

"Woe, woe to thee that ever thou wert born,
That, ere thou drewest sword, didst blow the horn!"

A wild wind whirled the shepherd from the glen;
The great king bowed his head in sleep again.

* * * * *

Forgive to us our wavering, feeble-willed,
Our waste, our sloth, our pledges unfulfilled,

Our empty vauntings!—Oh, forgive us, Lord,
That blew the horn before we drew the sword!

Arthur Guiterman.

No Inducement

TAILOR: Better order this suit now, sir; it will increase in price half again as much in six months.

BILTER: But I am gradually accustoming myself not to wear clothes at all, and in six months more I won't need any.



THE UKRAINE
"And when the egg was opened the bird began to sing"

Language and the Territorial System

THE apathy of French-Canadians in the present war, which, of all wars, they might have been expected to go in hard for, is deplored by a French-language paper, *La Canada*, in Quebec, which contrasts it with the patriotic zeal of the Americanized French-Canadians in the United States. *La Canada* says the difference is because French-Canadians here have been well used and taken into the family, whereas in Canada they have been treated with contempt and called "damned Frenchmen."

But the New York *Commercial* says that's not the reason; that the French-Canadians have been well used in all respects by the British government, but that whereas when they come to the States they merge politically with the communities they enter and become English speakers, in Canada they speak French, live as separate as they can from their British neighbors, and in their Province of Quebec live "still in the eighteenth century, with a state church supported by tithes and taxes and a language that keeps them out of touch with the rest of the continent of North America." The French language is the trouble, says the *Commercial*, and invites us all to take notice that the German language in communities in this country where it keeps out English fosters the same sort of separation.

The German language and German separateness are not getting much encouragement in this country at this time, and that we must reckon as one of the compensating effects of our getting into the war. German in the schools of this country, where it is learned as an accomplishment, is one thing. As a spoken language that keeps out English in large communities, if anywhere it does, it is quite another thing. After the war it ought to be taught here as English has been taught in Germany, but it should no more be fostered as a language of daily, common-school life than English would be so fostered in Germany.

But French Canada is quite differently situated from any community in the United States. It was a French colony captured by the British, and is

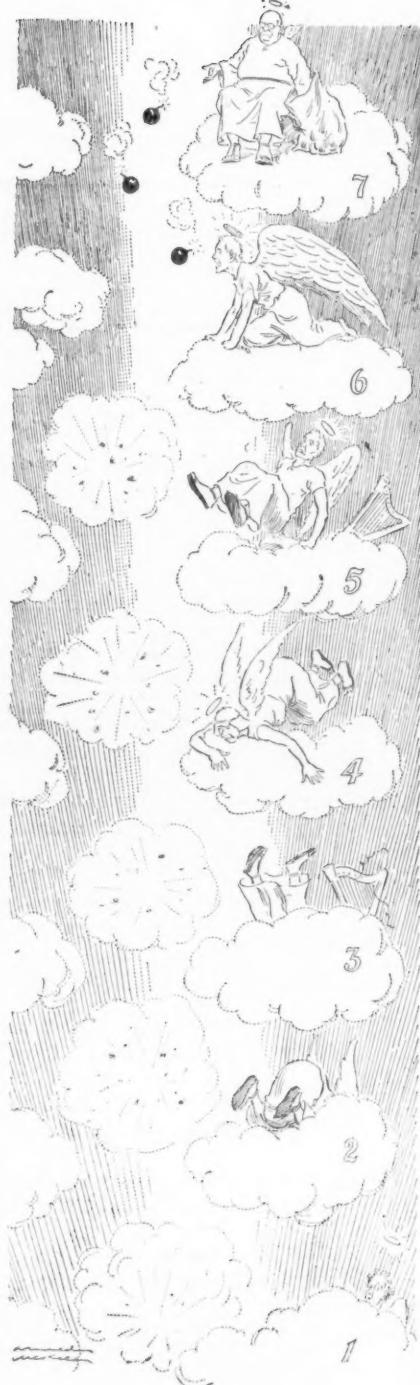
still chiefly populated by descendants of its original Frenchmen, and governed under laws that came from France. No German settlement in the United States has any such basis, nor is the German language the dominating tongue anywhere in these States over anything like so large a district as in the Province of Quebec. So far as we know, it is nowhere the language of the courts or the local government. It ought to die out of use as a vernacular here from natural causes, without any other restriction than, perhaps, to restrain the use of State moneys for the maintenance of German-language common schools. Quebec is an unassimilated part of Canada as Ireland is an unassimilated fixture of Great Britain, and it is noticeable that the Celtic revival is part of the effort to retard or prevent the assimilation of Ireland.

Is it going to be, after the war, that, in the interest of dominant nationality, people who want to speak French or German or Polish or Celtic or Choctaw in their families must continue to be plagued by language laws and restrictions because the place they live in is not a convenient habitat for the language they wish to speak?

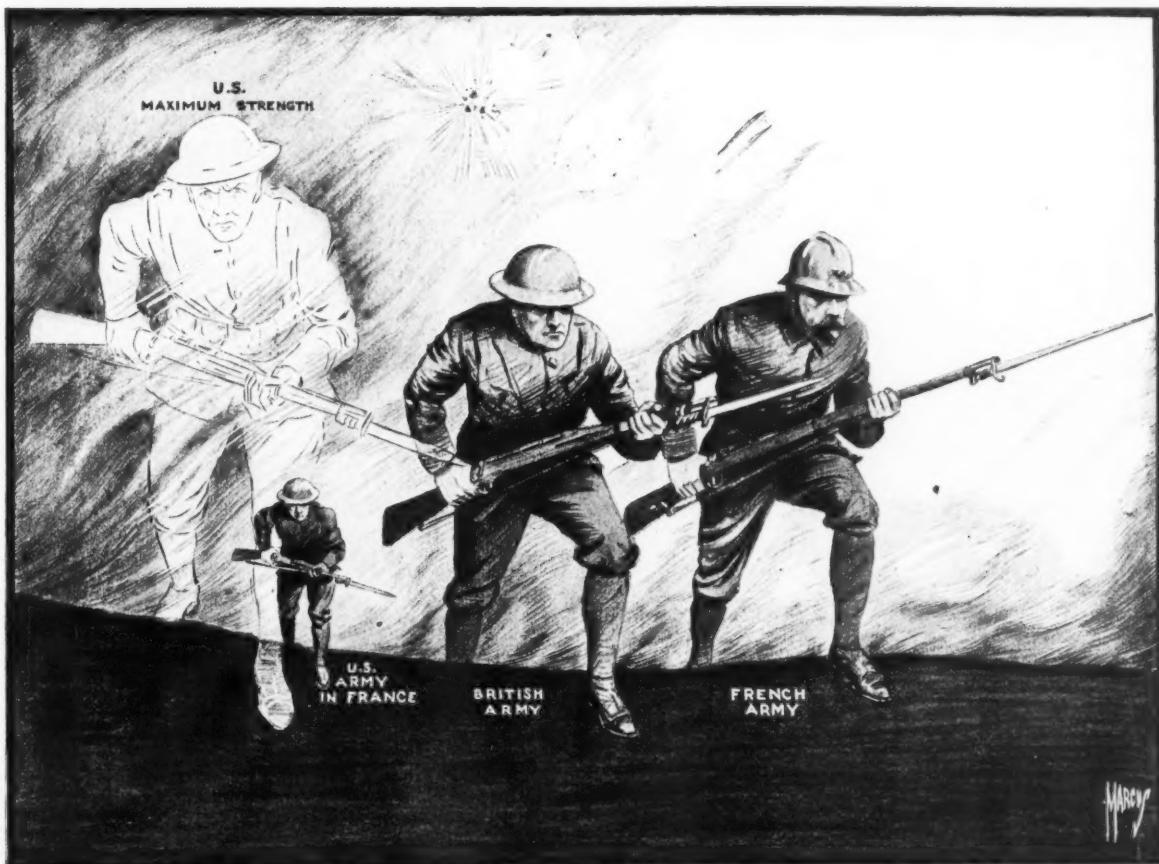
Let us hope not. Let us hope the world problem will work out better than that. Dr. Jacks says that "the certain sequel, or perhaps accompaniment, of the triumph of democracy will be the breakdown of the present territorial system of the world." If ever that happens the language vexations will cease to be important, for wars of the present style and for such purposes as the present one will go with it, and if some new basis of war bobs up it may be an international class-war which will not bother about boundaries or language, but will go in heartily to clean up what people and property the present war leaves undestroyed.

It is just as well, therefore, not to be too zealous to correct language problems and strengthen all existing States as units of the present territorial system until we can be surer than we are at present how far this present system is going to last.

E. S. M.



A PRUSSIAN, HAVING BEEN ADMITTED BY MISTAKE INTO THE SEVENTH HEAVEN, NATURALLY TAKES ADVANTAGE OF HIS POSITION.



"YES, WE MAY BE LITTLE, BUT WE ARE GETTING BIGGER EVERY MINUTE"

Taxing Tips

THE government has overlooked a fruitful source of revenue in not putting a war tax on tips.

If anyone knows a single reason why tips should not be taxed to the limit let him stand up instanter and state his reason or forever after hold his peace.

Tips are a luxury of the most luxurious variety. And they certainly come under the head of excess profits, because they are something that is added even after the most excessive of profits have been extricated from the more or less willing consumer.

But, while the principle is clear, there would be many intricate and baffling details connected with the just and equitable application of such a tax. For instance, should the percentage of tax be the same on all classes of tips? Should the tip which a Pullman porter receives for brushing dust from one passenger to another be taxed at the same rate as the tip which a waiter receives for putting his thumb into your tomato bisque? Again, how should the tax be collected—at the source, destination or in transit? Still other difficulties will readily occur to the thoughtful reader, but there are undoubtedly hundreds of tax experts within

a reasonable radius of Washington who stand ready to tackle them all with the requisite dauntless masterfulness.



Inquisitor: AND WILL YOU TELL ME—IS THE CHIN STRAP TO

"NO'M; IT'S TO REST TH' JAW AFTER ANSWERIN' FOOL QUESTIONS."



OLD AFFECTIONS

Criticizing Secretary Baker

ONE evening recently a gentleman and his wife were dining at one of New York's popular restaurants, when the lady—addressing her husband—uttered some criticism of Secretary Baker and his war policy. When she had finished, a woman, who had been sitting at the next table, rose and, addressing her, said:

"I have just heard your remarks, which I consider treasonable. I am going to have you arrested."

Then she went out and got a policeman, and the man and his wife were taken to the station house, where a charge was preferred. After some difficulty the man succeeded in getting bail for his wife.

The next morning they appeared in court, and the woman who had made the charge repeated it.

The judge dismissed the case immediately, merely remarking that it was not treasonable, nor necessarily unpatriotic, to criticize the Secretary of War. The poor lady who had been subjected to this injustice went home to bed. There was apparently no question about her patriotism. She ought to have had the other woman arrested in turn, but she was evidently tired of the publicity.

The question naturally arises, Who was the other woman? Was she employed by George Creel? Or was she just naturally a fanatic?

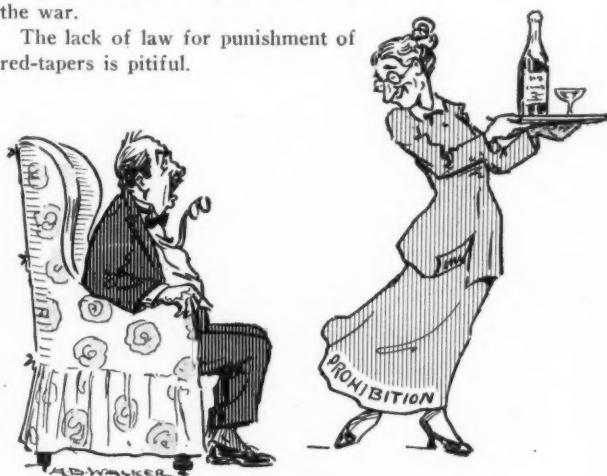
"I DON'T understand where he got his trench feet."
"Riding in the subway."

The Worst Culprits

THEY say that four American soldiers in France have got death sentences for sleeping on sentry post, and await execution, pending directions to that effect from Washington.

Sleeping on sentry post is very culpable, but when you have shot a soldier guilty of it you have not got ahead much. But if you could contrive to get a red-tape artist shot, that might really help to win the war.

The lack of law for punishment of red-tapers is pitiful.



ABSENT TREATMENT



Boy of Four: IF THIS WAR KEEPS ON THERE'LL BE NOTHING LEFT BUT LIBERTY BONDS AND WOMEN

What Are You Doing with Your Liberty Bonds?

MANY persons are puzzled to know just what to do with the Liberty Bonds of the fifty and one-hundred-dollar denominations for which they have patriotically subscribed. LIFE has discovered a way which provides not only for the safe-keeping of the bonds, but also dedicates them to a perpetual mission of well-doing.

Just send them in units of two hundred dollars—that is four fifty-dollar bonds, two fifties and a hundred, or two one-hundred-dollar bonds—to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City. The income from each two-hundred-dollar endowment will every summer send a poor child from the heat of the crowded city for a fortnight's vacation in the pure air of the country.

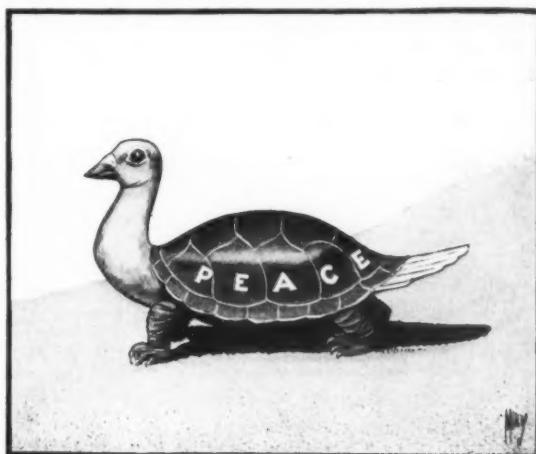
Each of these gifts may bear in perpetuity your name or any name that you may designate. The list of these Fresh Air Endowments will be printed in LIFE from time to time through the years to come as a reminder that someone once had the kindly impulse to provide yearly happiness for a little child.

As a foundation for this purpose LIFE's Fresh Air Fund has received two one-hundred-dollar Liberty Bonds designated

In memory of ELIZABETH C. OLIVER, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, who died April 11, 1918, aged sixteen years and six months.

Cautious

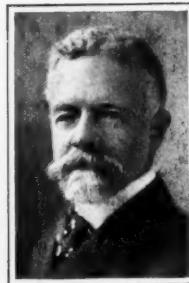
GREAT SURGEON: I advise an immediate operation.
CASTLETON: Can't you wait until the war is over? I've got too much curiosity about how it is going to end to take any chances.



THE TURTLE DOVE

Life's Horoscopes

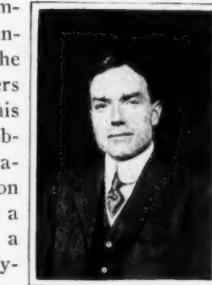
CABOT LODGE



THIS gentleman was born in the preparatory cusp of Jupiter and Gemini, with G. O. P.'s studding the Milky Way, tariff schedules in opposition to the orbit of Mars and Teddy Bears recumbent. He has a stern and rock-bound mind, the courage of historical convictions, and while Democrats are in the ascendant, Bakers triumphant and countless flying machines are yet unborn, should avoid facts, otherwise he will be in great danger of telling the truth, thereby causing anxiety in the hearts of all those who have no other means of knowing anything. Will succeed as a gentleman, a scholar or a patriot, but should be careful to choose the time. Looks well in Massachusetts culture kilts, ornamented with Boston Transcripts, but should avoid Virginia creepers and ordnance departments.

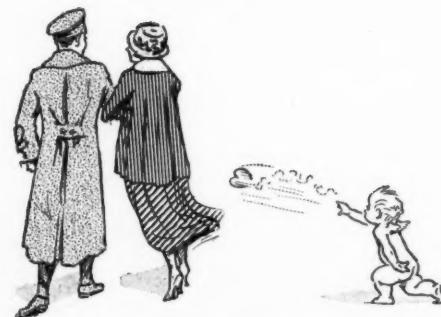
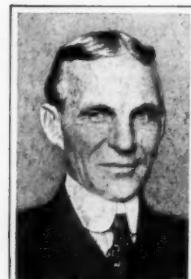
JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

WHILE Neptune was in total immersion with Aquarius and Cancer, hard shells on the face of the Moon and Sunday-school banners covering the transit of Venus, this young man was ushered into an obsequious world, in his mouth a diamond-studded soup ladle and a union card fastened on his back. He has a sunny, standard-oil disposition, a mind broad enough to cover a twenty-dollar gold piece and a Colorado temperament, diversified with million-dollar peaks and broad plutocratic plateaus. Should avoid coal barons, heretics and the Bolsheviks. Will succeed as the manager of a coupon-cutting factory, mine janitor or Russian bomb thrower, or head sprinkler for a fire engine. Looks well in bifurcated tight wads.



HENRY FORD

THIS gentleman was born with Jupiter, Gemini and Taurus cranking the Chariot of the Sun—which without a self-starter is more or less helpless—the Big Dipper pouring gasoline over the orbit of Aquila, and Pegasus 'exclaiming, "Well, I'll be flivvered!"' He has a sixteen-horse-power disposition, rising to a uniform height of five dollars a day, and when agricultural implements are exceeding the speed limit in the Northwest, will do his best work as a plant raiser in a Berlin suburb. Will succeed as a jockey, a salesman for a baby-



BACHELOR OFFICERS ON LEAVE ARE WARNED OF ENEMY BOMBERS,



OF WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS,



AND OF BEING GASSED

carriage factory or author of a book entitled "What I Don't Think I Know About History." Looks well in knee tanks, and should never go out except when surrounded by submarine chasers. As manager of Krupp's Peace Agricultural Works between 1919 and 1929 will acquire a considerable reputation as an organizer with a world future ahead of him.



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYS

YE LORD OF YE MANOR

To the People of the South and West: —

THE United States government tacitly entered into an agreement with your ancestors and your fathers and mothers, the benefits of which should accrue to you, to your children and to your descendants forever.

That agreement is about to be broken by the men you have sent to represent you in the Sixty-fifth Congress, urged thereto by Postmaster-General Burleson and the present administration of the Post-Office Department.

* * *

When this country was in its infancy it was necessary to its future greatness and prosperity, which this generation enjoys, that its vast outlying territories should be opened up, populated and developed.

The pioneers who faced and underwent the hardships of that task left behind them not only the comforts of civilization, but its educational opportunities for their children and the social culture of the older communities.

But they knew that they were citizens of a republic, and they had confidence that their fellow citizens, acting through the government which belonged to them all, would recognize their sacrifices and help to lessen the burdens of distance and separation they had to bear.

This obligation the United States government has sacredly recognized, until now.

It built post-roads; it deepened waterways; when the railway became practical it lent its credit to extend that means of communication to all its people, and it has been liberal in its endowment of schools and educational institutions in even the remotest sections of our country.

In its post-office system it recognized the means of preserving the relationships of its scattered population and of knitting them closer together into one nation. Through the system came the means of bringing the learning and culture of the older communities into closer touch with those pioneers and their descendants.

* * *

A fact which apparently has just been re-discovered by our present Congress and postal authorities was known to the men who established our postal system. This is the great truth that *it costs more to carry anything a long distance than to carry the same thing a short distance.*

* * *

The founders of our post-office knew this and adopted postal rates based on it. It was a zone system with varying postage for varying distances.

But these men were statesmen and not merely politicians. They recognized that the post-office had a higher mission than merely to make money or to save money.

They saw that quick and cheap communication between the people made for contentment, for education, for business progress and, greatest of all, the breaking down of sectional feeling and the welding of all our people into one people.

* * *

Since then the policy of our government—until now—has been to favor in every possible way the extension and cheapening of its postal facilities. Curiously, every such extension and cheapening, instead of costing the gov-

ernment money, has increased the net postal revenues.

* * *

On the first of the coming July—unless before that date the people can make their present senators and representatives realize their folly and shortsightedness—there will become effective a law on the statute books which negatives the accumulated experience of the Post-Office Department. It reverses the established policy of the government in postal matters and violates the government's unwritten agreement with those of its citizens who live away from the Eastern centres of literary and artistic activity.

It bears hardest upon the people of the South and West, and particularly upon their women and children, who look to the publishing cities for many of their cultural advantages and pleasures.

* * *

This law is not a war measure, but is based on Postmaster-General Burleson's ambition to make a good money showing for his department, regardless of the great cost of the change to all the people in things that are apparently beyond his vision.

There would be more confidence in the re-establishment of the Zoning System if it were not fathered by Postmaster-General Burleson, whose administration of the Post-Office Department is notoriously incompetent, and who has, by penny-wise economies, reduced it to a condition of inefficiency unknown for decades.

This inefficiency, shown by the recent investigations of the New York Merchants' Association, would lead to the prompt removal of this politician in office by an executive less tenacious of his appointees than our present President.

* * *

This Zoning Law, when it goes into effect, will impose a money penalty on those who live remote from the publishing centres and who wish to know more of current art and literature than they can learn from their local newspapers.

It is un-American, because its tendency will be to separate communities—to create and strengthen sectionalism by robbing the people of one part of the country of acquaintance with the trend of thought in other parts.

It uses the post-office system to divide the people rather than bring them closer together.

* * *

If you wish to retain for your children the same privileges you have enjoyed of being in close touch with the news, thought and accomplishment of the whole world, write to your senator and to your congressman asking for the immediate repeal of the Postal Zoning Law.

Don't put off writing to them. Do it now.

Don't be afraid to write to them. When they realize that you know what they did to your interests when they passed the Postal Zoning Law, they will be prompt to act.

Watch their votes. Watch the action of the Postal Committees in both Senate and House. Talk to your neighbors and your friends about it.

Write to your senator. Write to your congressman. Write to them now. Tell them you sincerely believe the Postal Zoning Law should be repealed, and at once.



"IT MAY NOT BE QUITE WHAT YOU EXPECTED, BUT WE ONLY HAD FOUR YEARS IN WHICH TO
GET IT READY"

A Sublime Gesture

THE classic instance of Nero fiddling while Rome burned has been reversed by the always original and fearless Parisian.

While the City of Light—now the City of Glory—was being bombarded by a gun seventy miles away a great auction sale of French art was being carried on.

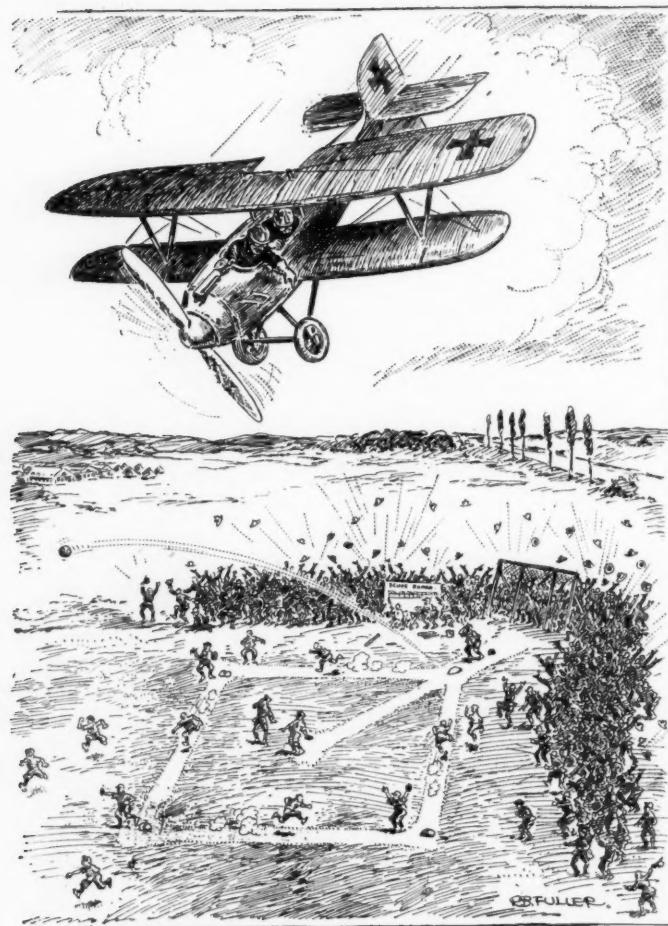
Picture this scene: Above the explosion of shells and the crumbling of edifices a voice is heard: Ingres! Delacroix! Degas! Renoir!—the names of France's great artists from the mouth of an auctioneer before the upturned faces of those bidding for the Beautiful.

It was Archimedes who begged the invaders of his home to spare him for an hour until he had solved some profound mathematical problem. It is only the French who could still be more interested in the Beautiful than in the guns of the Hun.

No gun that was ever fabricated in the foundries of Hundom can destroy such a people; no form of Frightfulness can still that immortal gesture of Beauty and Courage that the French spirit makes to Eternity!



"WHAT'S A ROMAN NOSE, UNCLE JIM?"
"MINE IS A ROMAN NOSE."
"O-OHH! PURPLE!"



*Hun Aviator (happening over regimental ball game):
LOOK, HANS, VOT A PANIC OUR APPEARANCE BEHIND DER AMERICAN LINES HAS MADE!*

How Was It?

One of the most incomprehensible performances of the past year was the effort of our ordnance experts to improve on the celebrated French 75.
—*Springfield Republican*.

WILLIAM HARD in the *New Republic* says they didn't. He actually defends the Ordnance Department, and says the trouble was that Congress wouldn't give it money in time, and even now has not provided a proper organization of industry to enable it to get its work done. He suggests that our troubles are mainly due not to our experts, but to our inexperts, who refused to prepare and now insist on miracles. And that is probably true.

MINISTER: "And Joshua did eat rejoicing of locusts and honey."

JOHNNY (*wonderingly*): Gee, mother, what did his mother give him after that—castor oil or a spanking?"

Omar Up to Date

A BOOK of Thrift Stamps underneath a bough,
A loaf of Victory Bread, some coffee, sugarless—and thou
Beside me, knitting in the wilderness,
Ah, wilderness were Hooverized enow!

H. B.

HUMAN beings are the most common things in the world. You cannot go anywhere without running across them; they fill the cities to overflowing, block up the country roads, and can be seen in groups, sitting on the banks of rivers and streams and on mountain tops. It is almost impossible to go where they are not. They are not only everywhere, but everywhere they are they look and act very much alike. They all do about the same things, moved, apparently, by invisible impulses which originate from some place that we know nothing about.

Yet, in spite of this, why is it that human beings are always more supremely interesting than anything else? Our only possible reason in going to the theatre is to see human beings just like ourselves go through certain motions and talk, and the nearer these are to what we would do ourselves under similar circumstances the greater is our pleasure and the more do we regard the exhibition as a truly artistic performance. Think of how deadly life would be without other human beings, precisely like ourselves, to listen to, to look at, to love, to hate, to dread, to run away from, to respect, to worship and to despise! And the strange part of all this is that it is only because they are so like us that we like them.

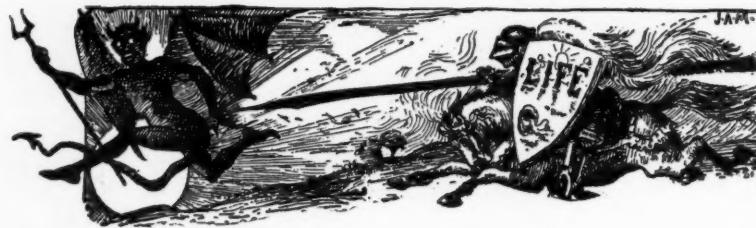


A PIN

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PORTRAIT OF AN OLD GENTLEMAN WHO EVIDENTLY HAS A NEPHEW "OVER THERE"



MAY 16, 1918

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. 71
No. 1855

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



ONE way for democracy to reach for what it wants is by advertisement. So it has been reaching for three billion dollars, and got

them and about half a billion to spare. So it lately reached for airplanes, but has not got many yet.

Eight months ago Mr. Baker put out, or was used to put out, a huge advertisement of the Liberty motor as an aviation engine that had passed its final test, and was to do all the different things that aviation engines are expected to perform, and was to drive skiesful of airplanes which were to be produced in short order. It was a grand advertisement, and cheered everybody, and gave defenders of the administration something to throw back at its assailants. But, unhappily, whoever fixed it up for Mr. Baker overstated his facts. Performance was not able to square with announcement and prediction, and in proportion as the advertisement was effective and encouraging, the fizzles-out in production has been depressing.

The Liberty motor had not passed its final test at the time Mr. Baker supposed it had. We are told that it has been tested and tinkered almost ever since, that airplane production has been very small, and though some thousands have been provided somehow for use in training camps, very, very few have been sent abroad. So the belief has spread that we have been imposed upon in the airplane matter; there are rumors of swindling and profiteering; people have been ready to think that the whole six hundred millions that

were handed out for airplane construction have been stolen or wasted, and that we have nothing important to show for them. Mr. Coffin, lately boss of airplane construction, has called for an investigation, and the administration seems inclined to support the demand.



WE should all like to find out what really happened about airplanes, and where Mr. Baker got such a bad steer about them, and whether the delay was due to constant changes ordered from France by way of Washington, or whether a ring of manufacturers grabbed the whole enterprise and muddled it, as some say, or whether insidious enemy obstructionists were able to get into this work. The President allowed Mr. Borglum, the sculptor, to go around to see what was the matter, and Mr. Borglum came back full of awful tales. Congress has discussed it all, and has wanted to know. It has been in some aspects a bad job, and ridiculous besides, but, after all, probably not so bad nor nearly so hopeless as has been alleged. No doubt some of the money has been wasted, and there may have been profiteering and selfishness, and perhaps an untimely insistence (as in the case of the Lewis guns and the rifles) in perfecting an American engine instead of going ahead with foreign engines that were already perfected.

But a lot of the money must have been spent on real experiments, plants, material and preparations to make airplanes. Captain Heurtaux, Frenchman, who had been around to the train-

ing fields and factories, was quoted in the *Evening Sun* of April 23rd as saying that the United States is doing in airplane construction "a thing more wonderful than any other nation ever dreamed could be done," and that "no mind is large enough to grasp the result that will be attained in a few weeks or months."

That may be partly his politeness, but he must have seen something. He is backed to some extent by our well-known and much respected neighbor the *Scientific American*, which, speaking from first-hand knowledge and personal investigation, declares that the Liberty motor as it stands to-day is a distinct success; that its production in quantity has begun and is going on faster and faster; that these quantity-production machines are standing the severest tests, and are going to be the most powerful machines and the lightest for their power in aviation use.

So the *Scientific American* asserts that though the loss of three months' time in airplanes is deplorable, the country will see from the beginning of May "a rate of output of motors and planes that will go far to compensate for past disappointments."

It seems not unlikely that we will discover that, though the delay was dreadful, the worst thing about the airplane episode was the advertisement. That exhibited a tragical failure to connect with facts. But that is past, and we can bear it if the Liberty motors move and the planes presently hatch out in vast flocks and the surface heroes keep up the war until our armies of flying men get to it.

Meanwhile, General Squier is still on the job, and though Mr. John D. Ryan, and not Mr. Coffin, is now head man in airplane construction, it is quite possible that Mr. Coffin has been a victim of circumstances, and deserves credit for a vast preparation rather than blame for not living up to an impossible advertisement.



THE newest scare in war manufactures is about Browning machine guns. According to Washington news on May 5th, the heavy ones are not coming along as fast as was promised. If not, we must fall back on the re-



THE SUBJUGATION OF RUSSIA

flection that the speeding up of lagging military industries is being standardized, and the gunmakers can be expedited by the same methods that have imparted velocity to shipbuilding, and are expected to impart it to airplanes.

Ships really seem to be coming along hopefully. The concrete ship *Faith* has shown a good record on her trial trip, and there are to be more. Wooden ships and steel begin to be completed in numbers, and the biggest mine-field that ever was has been laid about the U-boat nests in the North Sea.

And troops continue to go over in quantity, and all the influential statesmen who talk about more troops from here talk very big. Colonel Roosevelt

urges an army of five millions. Mr. Baker deprecates putting any limits to our army, but is for having all the troops we can equip and transport, and wants thirteen billion dollars to spend on them. So also Mr. Daniels. Let us have no talk, he says, of three or five million men. Under the selective draft we have dedicated twelve million men to fight this war, and are calling and training them as fast as possible, and the only measure of our contribution is ships.

Gradually our imaginations, at least, are being educated up to the size of the undertaking we are in for. It is very large. It seems considerable when one reads merely about drive and recoil on the French front, but when the

mind wanders to the Ukraine and the rest of Russia, and to Asia; top, bottom and middle, the mental faculties are prone to stagger. But in France the war must be won or lost, and while proceedings are so active there—though there is a lull at this moment of writing—all the other matters are left to waver along with the minimum of attention.



THOUGH the anti-British and anti-war activity of Roman Catholic priests and bishops in Ireland and Quebec has made the observer ask himself which side Rome is on, he does not get a clear answer out of the visible facts. No doubt the Vatican includes pro-Germans, neutrals and possibly pro-Allies, but the chance that it is exerting influence in Ireland or Quebec in favor of Germany is small. The rows in Ireland and Quebec are not religious but racial. The mass of Roman Catholic Irish and of Roman Catholic French-Canadians find local leaders in their clergy, and, of course, it is to the local interest of the Catholic clergy, and indeed of the Church, to maintain that leadership. If they maintain it by leading where their people want to go, that is about what politicians do in the land of the free. Wherever the Catholic Irish insist upon going, no doubt their bishops and priests will be found leading them.

It is a good deal the same with the Jugo-Slavs, except that the movement is in the other direction. The Jugo-Slavs are rebelling against Austria, and the Austrian government complains to the Holy Father that the Archbishop of Laibach is leading the rebels.

In these States we are a good deal out of conceit with systematic political leadership by the clergy. We have had it, and swapped it for leadership by bosses and other laymen, and point with somewhat chastened pride to our enviable political case. We are, of course, an exemplary political spectacle. All the same, countries whose civilization is geared to ecclesiastical direction may not be detached from it suddenly without disaster; as witness Russia, whose Church was bad enough, but since it suddenly lost hold on the mujiks the results have not been edifying.

LIFE



Forward!

"That the spirit of liberty shall not pass

LIFE.



Forward!
erty shall tot pass forever from this earth"



AT THE OPEN AIR CONCERT

BINKS, WHO HAS NO EAR FOR MUSIC, MISTAKES "OLD BLACK JOE" FOR THE NATIONAL ANTHEM



One of To-day and One in Costume

RAMING up polite comedies out of cobwebs is an art which Mr. Somerset Maugham practiced with considerable success in London, but none of the specimens of his handicraft which have been imported has ever been completely satisfying to the American desire for something more substantial. Mr. Maugham wrote for a fashionable public which, before war-times, hurried from a late dinner to fill in with the lightest kind of dramatic entertainment the brief period elapsing between that function and the supper which, under London's early-closing ordinances, had to begin early to be any supper at all. All they needed was a favorite actress and company in a smart little play that took very little time. For less hurried persons a curtain-raiser was provided to fill out the evening.

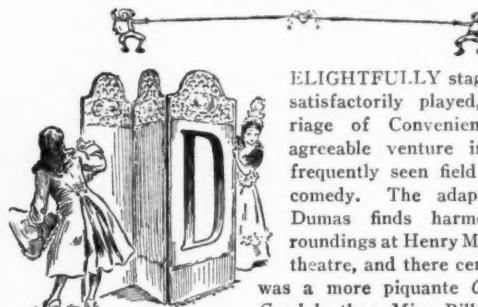
American audiences have never been governed by the same time schedule, and have not been particularly keen about curtain-raisers, so Mr. Maugham's cobwebby plays have never satisfied the American appetite.

IN "Belinda" Mr. A. A. Milne has exactly followed the Maugham formula in brevity, and gone beyond it in lightness of texture. With an actress of the popularity of Ethel

Barrymore the piece would have amply met the London requirements, but here it is to be feared that, even with her numerous following, "Belinda" is, through its lack of quantity and substance, likely to be found to be as unsatisfying as the models on which it was apparently constructed. Even granting the basic misunderstanding which provides the plot, that a wife who has been separated from her husband and the father of her daughter for eighteen years fails to recognize him because he is shaven instead of bearded, it is difficult to find interest in the consequent incidents. In fact, the complications, in spite of their being diluted into drawing-room comedy, savor of the puerile complications of early English farce. Some of the lines sparkle, but not in sixty-four candle-power brilliancy.

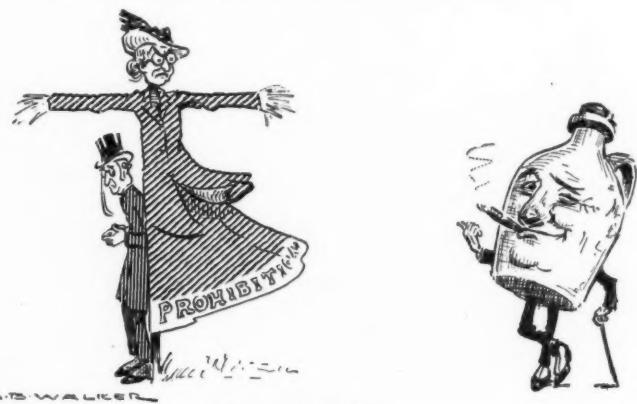
The star's performance is most agreeable and in her later and less patronizing manner, which is gaining better estimation for her powers as a real comedienne. She suffers from the thinness of the material provided for her, as do the members of her company. To make an evening of it, a revival of Barrie's "The New Word" is added to the bill. In spite of our increased knowledge of what war does to families, the playlet has lost rather than gained in interest. This is due, perhaps, to a change in the climax and the fact that in looks, at least, Mr. Swete fails to picture the conventional, self-repressed English father who in war conditions becomes a human parent.

The near approach of warm weather will provide one excellent reason for only a brief run of "Belinda."



ELIGHTFULLY staged and very satisfactorily played, "A Marriage of Convenience" is an agreeable venture into the infrequently seen field of costume comedy. The adaptation from Dumas finds harmonious surroundings at Henry Miller's dainty theatre, and there certainly never was a more piquante *Comtesse de Candale* than Miss Billie Burke in powdered wig and widely hooped skirts. There have been many portraits of similarly attired beauties of the period, but never one enhanced with the life of her roguish and appealing smile. Mr. Miller, also gorgeously costumed, dominated his scenes, and Mr. Lowell Sherman showed an unexpected versatility in his agreeable and courtly *Chevalier de Valclos*.

Those who lament the decline of the New York stage from



THE SCARE-CROW



DUMMIES

HOW TO WASTE GERMAN AMMUNITION

the material of earlier days will find in "A Marriage of Convenience" a most satisfactory return to the grand manner in play, setting and performance.



TORONTO is suffering from an attack of dramatic censorship, aggravated in this case by what looks like absolute ignorance on the part of the official censors of anything about the attractions offered for performance. Some of their mistakes are ludicrous, almost as laughable as the action of the London censor who permitted "Twin Beds," but would not allow it to be performed under that title. Such censorship almost reconciles us to our own kind which, since the asinine action of our authorities with "Mrs. Warren's Profession," permits anything and everything.



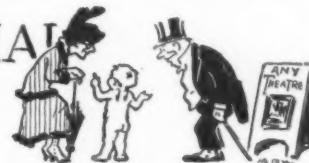
LIFE'S "Confidential Guide" is a sort of reverse-action theatrical thermometer—as the temperature goes up it goes down. Already it has begun to shrink, and a few hot

days will send it almost out of sight. Before its final disappearance all of it remaining will show an occasional very light farcical play, some of the girl-and-music shows, the Century Roof and the sparkling entertainment Mr. Ziegfeld provides atop the New Amsterdam to supply New Yorkers and out-of-town visitors with midnight insomnia.

Metcalfe.

CONFIDENTIAL

GUIDE



Astor.—"Fancy Free" with Mr. Clifton Crawford. Bright girl-and-music show. Tuneful and with an uncommonly pretty chorus.

Belasco.—"Polly with a Past." Diverting comedy of the day, well cast and well staged.

Bijou.—"A Pair of Petticoats," by Mr. Cyril Harcourt. Good company in a politely played, amusing English comedy of the day.

Booth.—"Seventeen," by Mr. Booth Tarkington. The joys and especially the sorrows of puppy love amusingly shown in well acted comedy of the Middle West.

Broadhurst.—"Maytime." Very attractive musical play, melodious and well performed.

Century Roof.—Midnight cabaret providing an expensive excuse for not going to bed early.

Cohan and Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." Well presented and diverting statement in comedy form that good clothes are a help to the aspiring young business man.

Comedy.—The Washington Square Players in new bill.

Cort.—"Flo Flo." An ordinary girl-and-music show proving that persons will pay money to see under-clad femininity.

Eltinge.—"Business Before Pleasure." Messrs. Glass and Goodman laughably put Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter into the movie-picture business.

Empire.—Ethel Barrymore in "Belinda" and Barrie's "The New Word." See above.

Forty-fourth Street.—Mr. D. W. Griffith's spectacular movie play, "Hearts of the World." A typical sentimental movie play made impressive by big and realistic war pictures.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Man Who Stayed at Home." Very interesting and fairly well acted English spy drama.

Globe.—"Jack o' Lantern," with Mr. Fred Stone. Girl-and-music background for the diverting and athletic fun of the star.

Henry Miller's.—Mr. Sydney Grundy's "A Marriage of Convenience." See above.

Hudson.—"Nancy Lee," by Mr. Eugene Walter. Interesting and well acted drama of American life to-day, but dealing with vicious types.

Liberty.—"Going Up." Musical play, well done and having for its foundation some of the funny aspects of aviation.

Lyceum.—"Tiger Rose." Well staged and well acted melodrama of the Canadian Northwest.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Eyes of Youth." The problems of a woman's life set forth in an ingenious way through occult influence.

Morosco.—"Lombardi, Ltd." by the Hattons. The inside life of a New York fashionable dressmaker, showing in flashy comedy that a man in that calling may have sentimental side.

Park.—"Seven Days' Leave," by Mr. Walter Howard. Thrilling war scenes in an interesting melodrama.

Playhouse.—"The Little Teacher," by Mr. Harry James Smith. Mary Ryan as a pleasant school ma'am in agreeable rural drama.

Plymouth.—Mme. Nazimova in Ibsen's "A Doll's House." The star a little more conventional than usual in good presentation of the much-discussed play.

Princess.—"Oh, Lady! Lady!" by Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse and Kern. Cheery and tuneful little girl-and-music show.

Republic.—"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," by Messrs. Bell and Swan. Very funny but not entirely refined farce.

Shubert.—"The Copperhead," by Mr. Augustus Thomas, with Mr. Lionel Barrymore in the leading part. Interesting drama of Civil War times with the star's admirable depiction of an obscure hero of those days.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"A Cure for Curables," by Messrs. Biggers and Whitman. Satire in amusing comedy form directed at the doctors who make money running sanatoriums.

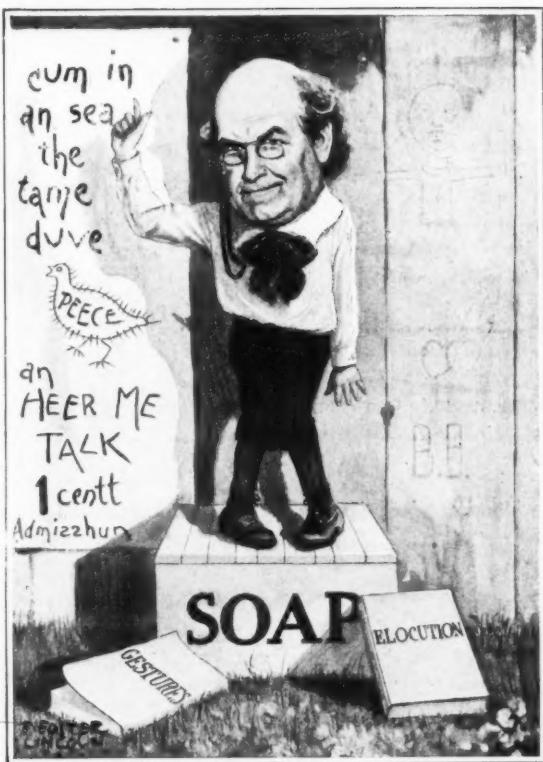
Vieux Colombier.—Edith Wynne Matthison in "The Servant in the House," by Dr. Chas. Rann Kennedy. Tract in play form dealing with the commercialism and hypocrisy of prelates of the Church of England.

Winter Garden.—"Sinbad." Glorification of the girl-and-music show as a restful relief from his fatigue for the t. b. m.

Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic.—An exhilarating cabaret protest against the vice of early retiring.



"YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME"



SILVER-TONGUED WILLIE



GEORGIE ARLISS

Hymn of Hate

(Partially Deleted by the Censor)

HE is known to you all, he is known to you all
As one who is deaf to his country's call—
A slacker in word and a slacker in deed,
In spite of the nation's dire need;
And while our sons go forth to fight
He works for the Kaiser with all his might;
He prates and rants of a Prussian peace
While the nation prays that his noise may cease;
And the Senate sits with a senile stare,
And lets him rave—and does not care;
But men are arrested who dare to say
Less traitorous things than he says each day.
Come, hear the word, repeat the word,
From Maine to Oregon make it heard:
Hate of the brave and hate of the free,
Hate of the earth and hate of the sea,
Hate of the heart and hate of the hand
Follows this foe of his native land—

LA FOLLETTE!

"ARE you a general houseworker?"
"Well, I did housework for a general."

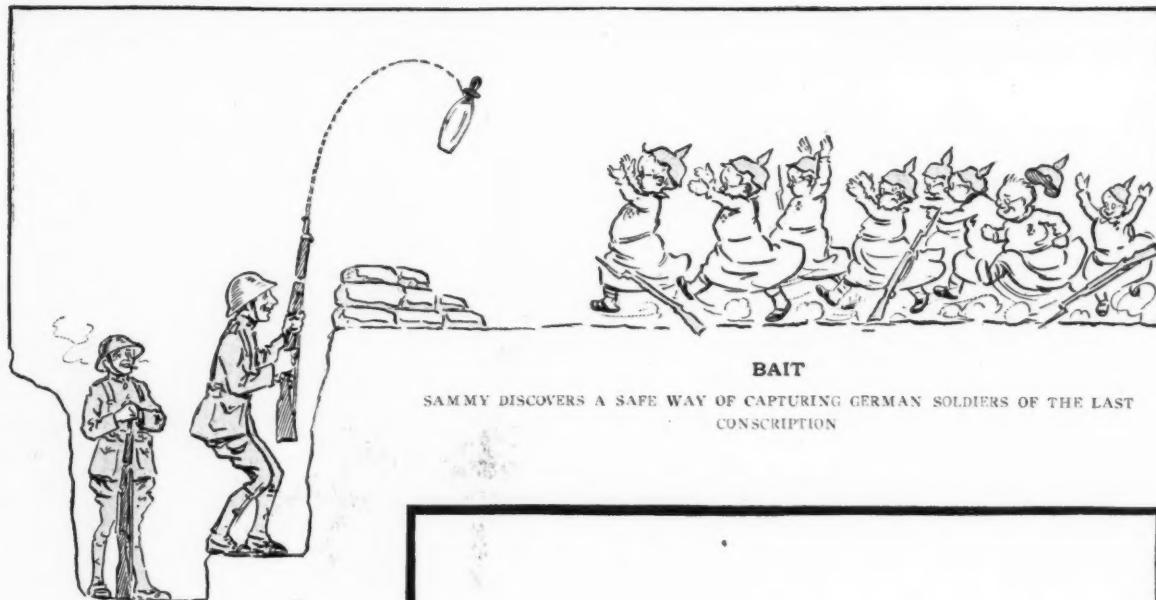
Blockheads!

GERMAN OFFICIAL: Heavens! These English are so inefficient that we never know what they will do next!



THE HYPNOTIST

"NOW SAY AFTER ME, 'I'LL VOTE FOR PROHIBITION'"



BAIT
SAMMY DISCOVERS A SAFE WAY OF CAPTURING GERMAN SOLDIERS OF THE LAST CONSCRIPTION

"Kamerad! Kamerad!"

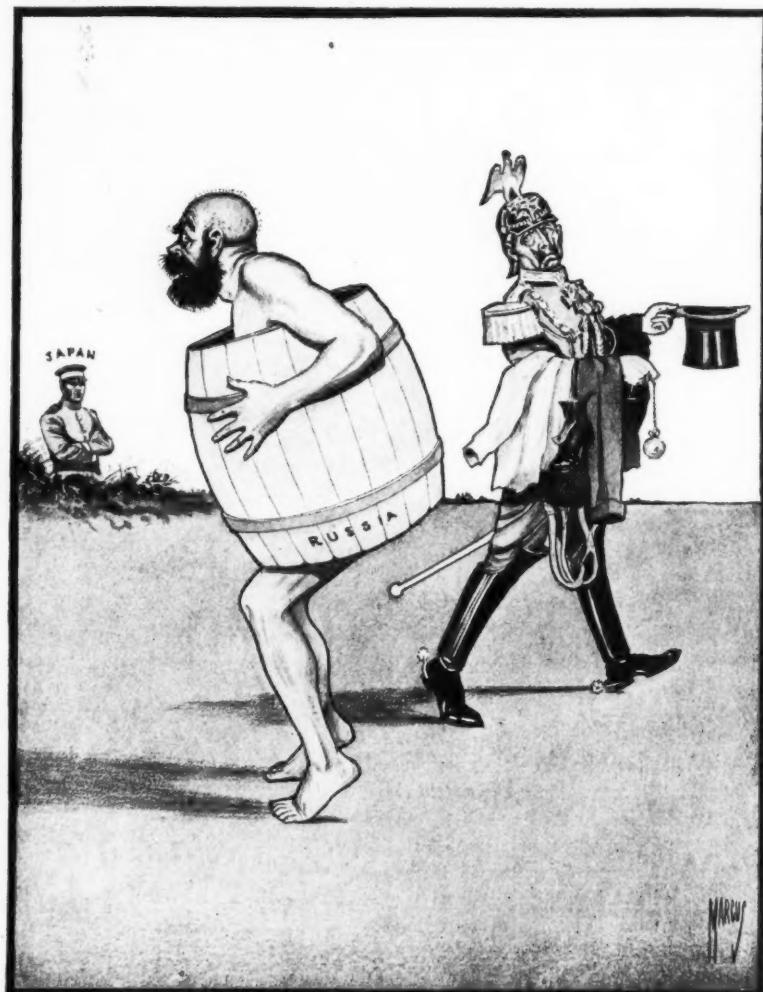
I OUGHT to shoot 'im where 'e stands—
A whinin' 'Un, with lifted 'ands—
For 'e called me "Kamerad"!
Me, wot's fought 'im clean an' fair,
Played the game, an' played it square;
'E crucified my pal out there!
An' 'e calls me "Kamerad"!

You low-down, stinkin' 'ound o' 'ell,
I've seen the work you do so well;
Don't you call me "Kamerad"!
You, wot shells a 'elpless crew,
Wot rapes an' murders women too;
A blasted blackguard through an'
through!
An' you calls me "Kamerad"!

You bloody, bleedin', blinkin' 'Un,
After wot you've been an' done,
Don't call me "Kamerad"!
I ain't no bloomin' 'ypocrite,
There ain't no 'alo in my kit,
But when you comes to this, I quit!
Don't call me "Kamerad"!

Geo. B. Eager, Jr.

WHOO'S mayor of New York now?"
"It begins with an 'H,' but I never can remember whether it's Hearst or Hylan."



Kaiser: NOW BE CAREFUL OR THAT JAP WILL ROB YOU

Continued Generosity

IT is rather surprising—although perhaps nothing should be surprising in the way of the good-heartedness and generosity of LIFE's readers—to find how large a percentage of the earliest subscribers to the Baby Fund are renewing their contributions to continue for another two years the partial maintenance of these little sufferers by the war.

As LIFE's readers are aware, the sum of seventy-three dollars was fixed so as to make sure that the fluctuating rates of exchange would not diminish the fixed *per diem* allowance of ten sous. The exchange rate has unexpectedly been so strongly in our favor that there has accumulated in the hands of the Fraternité quite a surplus. LIFE is now in correspondence with the Society regarding the advisability of using this surplus in cases where the contributors do not renew and where the children need and deserve the continued aid. We feel sure our readers will approve of this action.

We have received \$106,700.30, from which we have remitted to Paris 1,100,344.95 francs.

We gratefully acknowledge from

M. M. A., St. Louis, Mo., for Baby No. 2603.....	\$73
Benjamin Baruch, New York City, for Baby No. 2604.....	73
Omicron Pi Xi Society, Cleveland, Ohio, for Babies Nos. 2605 and 2606.....	146
American Fire Fighters' Fund, collected through <i>The Fireman's Herald</i> , New York City, for Babies Nos. 2608, 2609 and 2610.....	210



MARDOCHÉE
HALIMI,
BABY 2114

S. B. Vrooman, Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 2611.....	73
Mrs. H. M. Myrick, Pelham Manor, N. Y., for Baby No. 2612.....	73
Mrs. I. E. Lambert, San Diego, Cal., for Baby No. 2613.....	73
Herman Duval, New York City, for Babies Nos. 2614 and 2615.....	146
Grace O. Given, New York City, for Baby No. 2616.....	73
Brockton Woman's Club, Brockton, Mass., for Baby No. 2620.....	73
Captain and Mrs. Walter Victor Cotchett, Chicago, Illinois, for Babies Nos. 2622 to 2636.....	1095
Miss Caroline P. Bonnell, Youngstown, Ohio, for Baby No. 2637.....	73
Caroline and Elizabeth Pickands, Euclid, Ohio, for Baby No. 2638.....	73
Capt. H. W. Weitzel, U. S. M. C. (awaiting instructions).....	73
Mr. and Mrs. William J. Sherwood, New York City, renewal of subscription for Baby No. 74.....	73
Wylie B. Jones, Binghamton, N. Y., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 13.....	73
Clarence Mabie, Hackensack, N. J., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 15.....	73
A. F. New York City, renewal of subscription for Baby No. 16.....	73
T. C. Williams, Jr., Richmond, Va., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 19.....	73
Mary Hall Cummings, Woburn, Mass., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 12.....	73
June E. Willis, Rochester, N. Y., on account of renewal of subscription for Baby No. 183.....	50
English Class of Weatherwax High School, Aberdeen, Wash., through Miss Primrose Rupp, on account of Baby No. 2552.....	18
Lorna Ganong, Portland, Ore., on account of Baby No. 2511.....	12
English IV Class of Weatherwax High School, Aberdeen, Wash., through Miss Primrose Rupp, on account of Baby No. 2607.....	9
A. F. Cayford, Pittsburgh, Pa., on account of Baby No. 2588.....	10
The Jobe's Efficiency Club, Xenia, Ohio, on account of Babies Nos. 2561, 2562 and 2563.....	8.40
"The Youngsters," Charleston, S. C., on account of Babies Nos. 2617, 2618 and 2619.....	9
The Ethical Culture School, New York City, on account of Baby No. 1867.....	6
A. Keeney Clarke, New York City, on account of Babies Nos. 1751 and 1752.....	10
The Eighth Grade of the Maricopa Grammar School, Maricopa, Cal., final payment on account of Baby No. 2147.....	23

BABY NUMBER 2593

Already acknowledged.....	\$36.84
"Anonymous," Butte, Mont.....	2
Miss Hettie Sibley, Birmingham, Ala.....	3
A. H. T., Syracuse.....	5
H. W., Cincinnati, Ohio.....	5
A. G. Laird, Madison, Wis.....	10
V. H. T. K., Minneapolis, Minn.....	1

\$62.84

BABY NUMBER 2621

Brockton Woman's Club, Brockton, Mass.....	\$36.50
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SUZANNE BISSONIER,
BABY 857



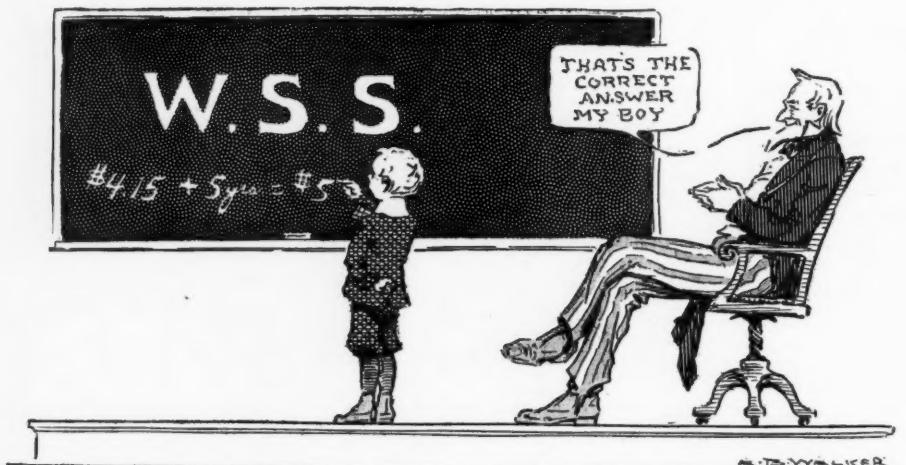
ODETTE ARNOL,
BABY 2150



HENRIETTE SPARFEL,
BABY 215



JULIETTE HAURET,
BABY 864



YOUNG AMERICA
FIRST LESSONS IN PATRIOTISM

Avoidance

THE excessively polite man named Greenson moved Bilter to wrath.

"I could stand him," said Bilter, "if he was truthful. But when he says even the most trivial thing I don't believe him. He is always apologizing for troubling me. But he causes more real trouble than anyone I know, for he is always going back—in a perfectly polite way, of course—on his previous promises."

"Yet he may be often an improvement upon *your* brutality," replied Mrs. Bilter calmly. "If you could only be combined!"

"Isn't it better to face facts," blurted Bilter, "than to be forever evading them merely because you wish to be temporarily pleasant?"

"Why not be both?"

"Facts are not always pleasant."

"For instance?"

"Well, Greenson said the other night that he adored corn beef and cabbage, because we happened to have it for dinner. It would have been unpleasant for him to have admitted the truth, which was that he hated it. Besides, we both knew that he was lying. When I say a thing everybody knows what I mean!"

"Shall I tell you something?" asked Mrs. Bilter sweetly.

"Certainly. I'm used to having the truth told."

"Well, the other day on the train



PROBLEM OF AN AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD

PH. D., M. A.,
F. R. G. S., BART.,
AND RICH.

D. S. M., V. C.,
L. OF HONOUR,
WAR CROSS, AND POOR.

I heard two men talking about going to a certain dinner. And one of them said that he wasn't going. And when the other man asked why, he said, 'Because Greenson is to be there.'

"What did I tell you!" exclaimed Bilter.

"Then," continued Mrs. Bilter, "he

asked if the other man was going, and the other man said no, that he wasn't going, either. 'Why?' asked the first man. 'Because,' replied the other, 'Bilter is to be there.'

Then she added gently:

"I have a vague idea that both of them were right."

Ask His Mother

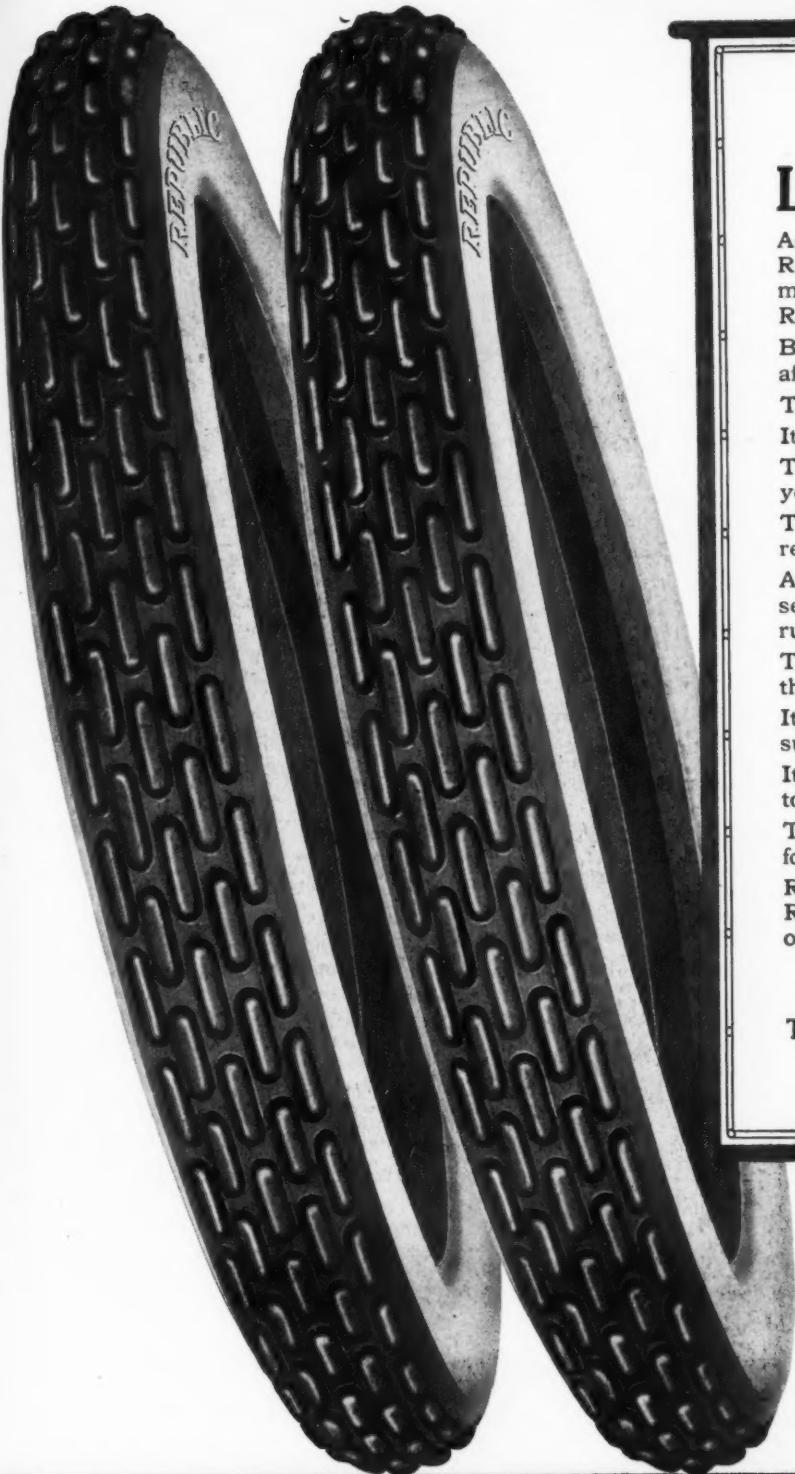
THE percentage of cures of pneumonia by osteopathic treatment is very much greater, it appears, than by the old-school methods.

But the old-school doctors, headed by General Gorgas, refuse to allow our soldiers to have this treatment. Why should not the parents of our boys in camp have a voice in this matter?

Is medical etiquette more important than the soldier's life?

Ask his mother.

FUTURE historians will record that it took the world's greatest war to teach Americans the vitally moral and material difference between what they want and what they need.



A Multitude Loyal to Republics

As nearly as we can figure it, by reports from Republic dealers, more than 100,000 individual motor car owners are now regularly using Republic Tires.

By this we mean buying them steadily, one set after another.

The trade is not of a shifting, changing character. It represents a solid, steady, loyal clientele.

The increase of steady buyers during the past year has been very large.

This is undoubtedly due to the rapidly spreading realization that Republic Tires *do* last longer.

And the fact that they *do* last longer is due to the secret Prōdium Process of compounding Republic rubber.

The Prōdium Process tremendously increases the strength of rubber.

It makes it so tough that Republic Tires rarely suffer serious cuts or chips from the road.

It imparts a wearing quality that is comparable to the wearing quality of steel.

These are the things which Prōdium Process does for Republic Tires.

Recognition of them, in a man's first set of Republic Tires, tends to make him a steady user of Republics.

Republic Inner Tubes, both Black-Line Red and Gray, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation
Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

Republic
STAGGARD
Pat. Sep. 15-22-1908
Tread

*Maximum Grip with
Minimum Friction*

REPUBLIC TIRES



Dad Was Wise

When the conversation turned to the subject of romantic marriage this little anecdote was volunteered by H. M. Askew, a North Dakota politician:

"So you were married ten years ago. Took place in the church, I suppose, with bridesmaids, flowers, cake and the brass band?"

"No; it was an elopement."

"An elopement, eh? Did the girl's father follow you?"

"Yes, and he has been with us ever since."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

RECENTLY while passing through the park one of our soldier-boys was greeted by a young girl, who asked him, "Are you going to France?"

"No," answered the Yankee, "I am going to Germany."

—*Christian Register.*

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Notice of change of address should reach this office ten days prior to the date of issue to be affected.



"WHO DAT HOLLERING AT ME TO STAN'
STILL?"

Ian Hay's Fate

Captain "Ian Hay," on one of his war lecture tours, entered a barber's shop in a small town to have his hair cut.

"Stranger in the town, sir?" the barber asked.

"Yes, I am," Ian Hay replied. "Anything going on here to-night?"

"There's a war lecture by an English fighter named Hay," said the barber; "but if you go you'll have to stand, for every seat in the hall is sold out."

"Well, now," said Ian Hay, "isn't that provoking? It's always my luck to have to stand when that chap Hay lectures."

—*London Opinion.*

Caught with the Goods

THE HONORABLE: My boy, do you realize how great is the solemnity of an oath, before you commit yourself?

THE BOY: Why—why, yes, sir. I caddied for you last Sunday.—*Widow.*

MURIEL feared the other girls in the Gaiety chorus wouldn't notice her engagement ring."

"Did they?"

"Did they? Four of them recognized it at once."—*London Opinion.*

GOOD COMPANY
GOOD DINNER
GOOD SPEECHES
AND
CLYSMIC
OF COURSE
KING OF TABLE WATERS



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Second Edition

C. H. EVA

XUM



"RAMMED, BY GUM!"

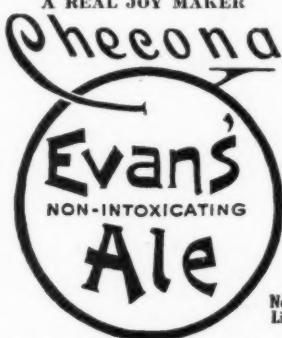
Do You Know Her?

"THERE are so many things to give to in these war-times," said the lady, "I can't possibly give to the starving Armenians."

"There are so many demands upon one," she said, "I can't possibly help the Belgian children or the fatherless children of France."

"We have to make so many sacrifices that there are some things we simply must refuse to give to," she said. "I'm sorry I can't give to your fund towards helping the wounded men who come back."

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OR COTTAGE**
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MARMON
SCRIPPS BOOTH
MERCER
COLUMBIA

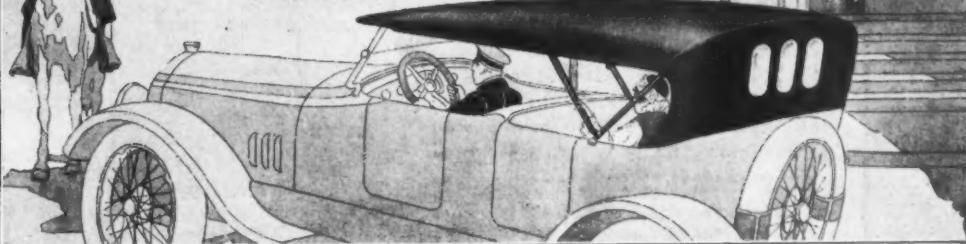
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CHANDLER
WHITE
COLE
REO-SIX

CADILLAC
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WESTCOTT



Avoid misrepresentation — even though it be unintentional. Look for this label on tops, represented as Pantasote.

The Pantasote Company
1703 Bowling Green Building
New York



"I'm trying to subscribe for the Liberty Loan," she said, "so I won't be able to buy any thrift stamps."

"I've not enough money to buy a Liberty Bond just now—I'm sorry," she said, "so I'm going to try to save my quarters for thrift stamps instead."

"I'd like to give to the boys in the trenches and to smoke funds, but really there is a limit to one's income," she said.

"There are so many fake charities

these days that one has to be so careful," she said.

"One has to think of the home charities, too," she said, "so I can't give anything to foreign relief just now."

AIMER, aimer, c'est à vivre runs the poem. There you are—to love is to live, and to live you must have LIFE, particularly as an annual subscriber.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

Inefficiency in the Navy

FIRST BLUEJACKET: Hullo, mate! I thought you was ashore with the captain, playing golf.

SECOND BLUEJACKET: Well, so I was. It's like this 'ere. 'E gives me 'is sticks to carry, and then takes one and puts a li'l white ball on top of a bit o' sand, and, my word! he catches that ball a fair swipe. Must 'a' gone miles. Then 'e turns to me and sez, "Did yer see where that went to?" So I sez, smart like, "Out o' sight from the moment of impact, sir," an' 'e sez, "Go back on board, ye blinkin' fathead!"—*Punch*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

"I SAY, Briggs, dine with me at my house to-night, will you?"

"With pleasure, old chap—but will your wife expect me?"

"No, that's the beauty of it. We had a quarrel this morning, and I want to make her mad."—*Boston Transcript*.

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Sunset Magazine is written and edited by Westerners—men who know the West and who hold their fingers on the pulse of Western life. Clean, fresh and wholesome, brimful of facts and good fiction—Sunset Magazine dedicates itself to the ideal "The West for Westerners."



Published in
San Francisco
California

Sunset

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

\$1.50 PER YEAR 15 Cents
at all news-stands

THE optimism of Mr. Micawber, in spite of the twins, is easy to understand. Micawber was not above using his friends, and he had many friends who were annual subscribers to LIFE and permitted him to have a weekly cheer-up.



"I HOPE HE WILL TAKE ME WITH HIM.
I'D LOVE TO BITE A GERMAN"

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A Preference

BUT yesterday I met a man
Who to the lexicon was brother;
In dipping dactyls he could scan
Theocritus, or any other.
He could discourse upon earth's crust,
Or on what made the dodo famous;
Than such a dreary dry-as-dust
I'd rather be an ignoramus!

He knew by rote each church in Rome,
And he could diagnose convulsions;
He could translate a Chinese tome
Or strange Assyrian inscriptions.
He could dilate on surds or tracts,
Or legends from the land of Shamus;
Than such a facile fund of facts
I'd rather be an ignoramus!

Clearly could he elucidate
The manners of the men of Media;
All myths and marvels he could state—
A peripatetic encyclopedia!
He was authority on war,
Could show how the cave-men might
claim us;
Than such a knowledge-reservoir
I'd rather be an ignoramus!

He'd prate on Peary and the pole,
Then nimbly leap to the equator;
He'd solved the soul and "over-soul,"
Was intimate with the Creator!
Oh, to be learned in legal lore
One hour, and issue a mandamus!
I'd rid the world of one more bore,
Then rest content, an ignoramus!

Clinton Scollard.

BY the terms of his will the late Marquis of Hightowers showed his desire that his successors to the title should be men of intelligence and culture. He made it a condition that none of them should inherit the vast non-entailed properties unless he was a regular annual subscriber to LIFE.



"Lafayette, Here We Are"

Through remote French villages resounds the unaccustomed tramp of American soldiers. But a little while ago and these men were in the quiet of their homes in a peaceful country. Today, in a strange land, they are facing the world's bloodiest struggle.

Pershing at the tomb of America's old time friend months ago reported, with true soldier eloquence, "Lafayette, here we are." And it is for us of the great American democracy to rally all our might to the support of our army and our allies.

From our shores to the battlefields of France are thousands of miles which must be bridged with ceaseless supplies to our troops. Every day calls for action here, no less than there. Cooperate! Sacrifice! These are the watchwords sent over the land by the Government.

In this national effort the Bell System has served with every other essential industry in order that communication, manufacture and transportation may be kept at the peak of efficiency to provide the munitions, ordnance and supplies so urgently needed.

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One Policy

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Universal Service

What?

WHAT ought to be done with people who sign their names so badly to letters that you don't know who they are when they write you?

What can be suggested for the splendid lady who sends you twenty-five tickets (at two dollars each) for some concert she is getting up (with not even stamps enclosed), and requests you to send her a check for them and be responsible for their return?

What can be done with the old friend who, upon your wedding anniversary or your wife's birthday, sends to your office a bulky package weighing not less than five hundred pounds, and telephones that he hopes you won't mind carrying it home?

HAVE you a melancholy parrot? If so, become an annual subscriber to LIFE, and read it to him every week. It will do you both good.

With Malvina Cream
"I Defy Wrinkles"
You too can have a clear, fresh,
youthful complexion every
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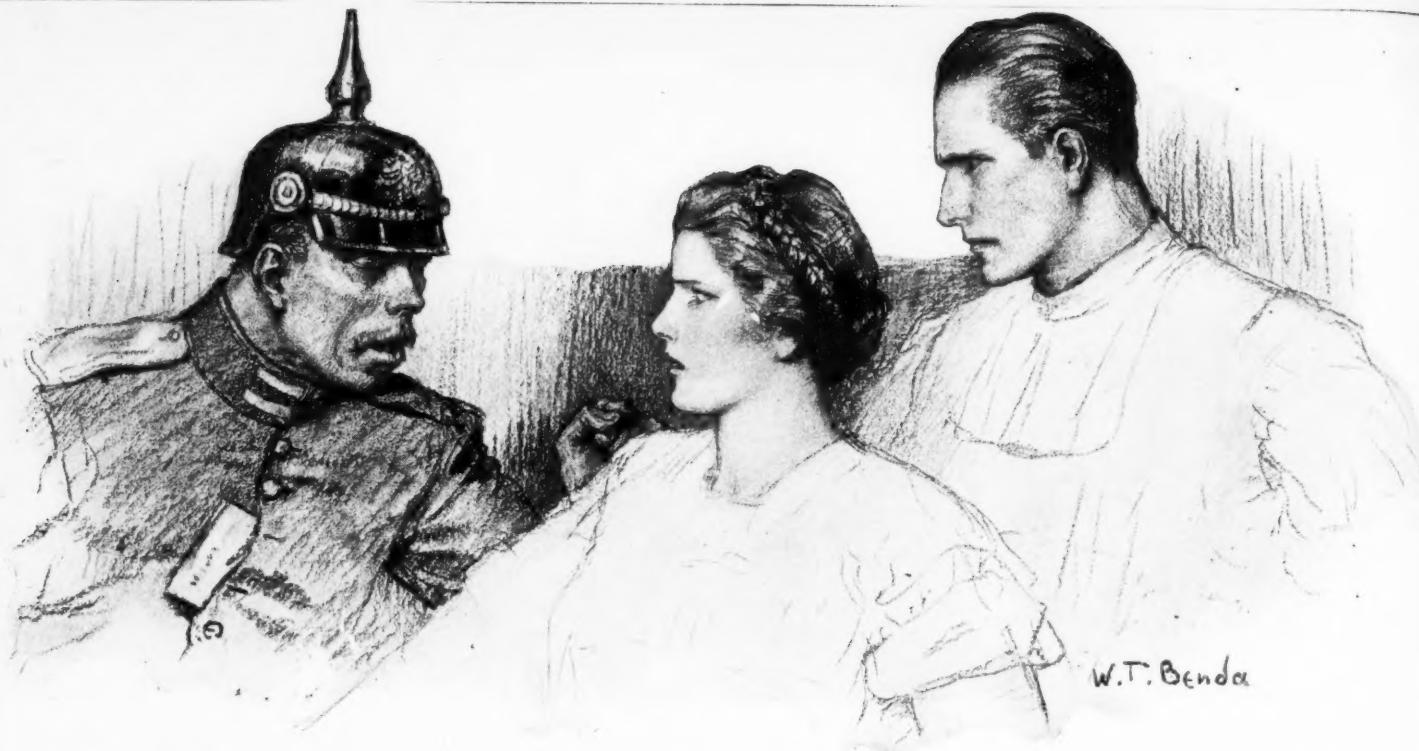
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proves it. 25c at all druggists.



"Down with the Kaiser!"

There has been rioting in Berlin. It is the first tremor of the earthquake that is to shake the Kaiser from his throne.

The Iron Fist descends to crush the revolutionists. Frieda Bernhard, a young German girl who is befriending an American captain during his imprisonment in Berlin, is suspected by the Kaiser's men. An under officer seeks her out.

"You are a revolutionist?" he snarls.
"I am a German!" Frieda retorts.

"You are a traitor! Repeat after me—
'Wilhelm ueber Alles!'"

Frieda pales. "I will not!" she cries.
"We Germans have a new battle cry.
It is—*'Deutschland ueber Wilhelm!'*"

This is one of many dramatic episodes in the new McClure serial "*Licking the Huns!*" In this narrative H. C. Witwer has written a thrilling, well-founded prophecy of how the war will end in victory for the Allies. The whole country is reading it—you must read it too! Ask the nearest news-dealer for June McClure's.

Read "*Licking the Huns!*" in JUNE

McCLURE'S

A Book of Poems

LIFE asked for an opinion from the best qualified person it could think of on "Trackless Regions," a new book of poems, by G. O. Warren. This is the reply:

"It is an actual volume of true poetry; such a volume as cannot be made more than once or twice in a generation. So much goes to such a book—first the great spiritual adventure that so few souls dare; the search after the life which is not made of the dust; then the slow culture that takes generations to grow, for such delicate and exquisite perception of beauty comes only with many centuries of sensitive, trained minds; and then the great, unique feeling for diction. In this matter of choosing the right word there is not a tone off pitch throughout the book."

"I remembered something Mrs. Meynell, the poet, told me about herself and Francis Thompson. She said to him once, 'My verse compared with yours is just moonlight unto sunlight,' and he said, 'Oh, no, as moonlight unto fireworks.' Now these poems are as starlight unto sunlight—so detached from ordinary life, so rarified, so far up and, despite the outreaching human sympathy, so alien from the thought of average man.

"There are bits of imagery quite worthy of Francis Thompson himself. Here is one:

I dream that in Thy hidden battle-world
Hang solemn bannered gleams of Hope
unfurled—
And, slaying Death and Sin,
Men's souls like quivering piteous spears
are hurled.

I said worthy of Francis Thompson, but Milton himself could not reach any higher than that, nor give in an image a more gorgeous picture of the rushing down of the souls of men upon the horrors of life.

"The first poem, 'Poverty,' is perfect, only it should be called 'Riches,' for it gives in a few lines the wealth of the mystic who wraps himself warm in the cloak of those who have ceased to suffer. Charles Dudley Warner told me once that 'exquisite' was a word to be used only once or twice in a lifetime, but it is the only word to apply

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to the spirit, the art, the finish of these lovely gems. It is a book for the detached spirit to keep and use as prayer when the world presses too close and becomes harsh and vulgar. 'Great Darkness' is a wonderful gleam of truth, caught and given a final form. 'Night and Spring,' too, is a gleam of life caught.

"The book is wrought of starlight and dew and flame and has in it very little of the dust and clay of life. Only the rare spirit will receive it, and only the traveled soul will hear the secret."

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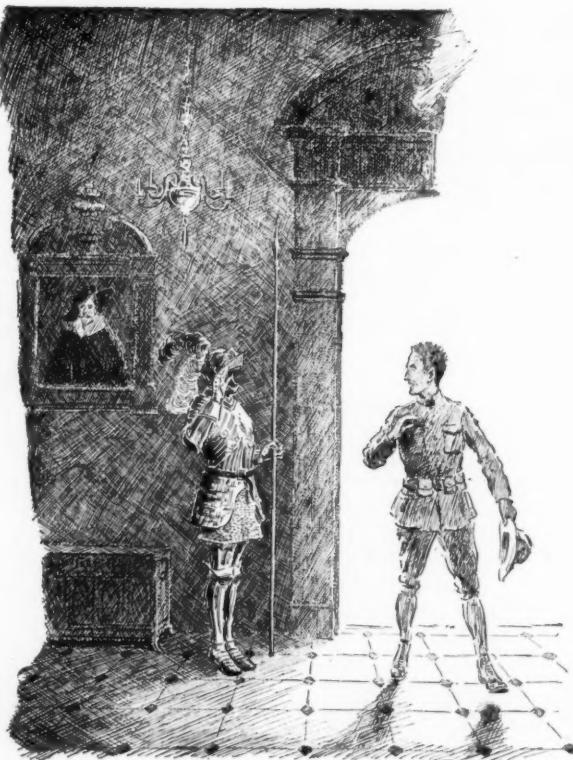
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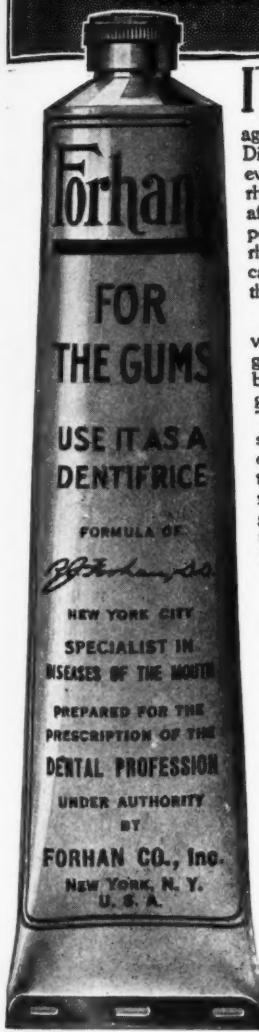


WHEN KNIGHTHOOD IS IN FLOWER

Inf

XUM

Inflamed gums cause tooth decay



IT is true that four out of five people over forty suffer from gum shrinkage, or Pyorrhoea (Riggs' Disease). But many people even under thirty have Pyorrhoea. Women, particularly after the baby comes, are peculiarly subject to Pyorrhoea. At such time they cannot be too careful if they would save their teeth.

Pyorrhoea commences with tender gums, or with gum bleeding at tooth brush time. Gradually the gums become spongy. They inflame and then shrink. So the teeth become exposed to decay at the base. The lips naturally flatten, too, as the gums recede; and Pyorrhoea pockets in the gums become the breeding places of organic disease germs which drain through into the system.

Beware of that first gum tenderness! Try Forhan's for the Gums. It positively prevents Pyorrhoea, if used in time and used consistently. It promptly relieves gum tenderness, gum bleeding. It largely offsets the tissue laxness that comes with the years. No ordinary tooth paste will do this.

And Forhan's cleans teeth scientifically, as well. It is cool, antiseptic, pleasant.

If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

30c and 55c tubes
All Druggists

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Trial Tube Free

a man's hard-earned cash on utterly senseless fabrics and gewgaws, she is so mean and prim and utterly small that life in the desert of Sahara compared with her is a pretty fair Paradise. Woman talks, and what does she say? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. The more she talks and the better she talks the less she says. The truth is, woman knows nothing at first-hand. Between her mind and actual facts there is a soft velvet surface. You know women, I take it?"

"I know one."

"Then you know all, for they are all pretty much alike. Between you and me, I am weary of their endless prattle, of their idle ways, of their assumption of moral fibre which they haven't got, of their interminable hypocrisy. Do your views coincide with mine?"

Two ladies, rather fluffy and prosperous, now approached. They had been chatting. One of them grabbed the rather used-looking man by the arm.

"Do your views coincide with his?" she muttered suspiciously.

"Never!"

The man who had been unbinding his soul sized up the distance they had come since he began, and, taking a chance, said:

"That, sir, is a great pity. I was just observing, madam, when you came up with my dear wife here, that woman is the loveliest being on earth, whose gentle influence spread over the sons of men has saved the race from utter destruction, whose sweetness breeds eternal virtue, and whose beauty is a constant inspiration. Madam, believe me when I say woman is the Jewel of Time, the one who, constant to her superb ideals, leads us to better things. When, sir, you have, perchance, been married as long as I have you will come to believe the same thing. We must leave you. Here comes our train."

ARE we downhearted? No! There is a cheer-up every week for everyone who is a subscriber to LIFE.



Hen: NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY



The Luxurious Motor-Car Upholstery

CHASE

MOHAIR VELVETS

Made by Sanford Mills

Have your re-upholstering done with Chase Velvets—the standard for over thirty years.

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Scores of distinctive, unique patterns in fast colors. Samples on request.

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The GREATEST MOTHER in the WORLD



Stretching forth her hands to all in need; to Jew or Gentile, black or white; knowing no favorite, yet favoring all.

Ready and eager to comfort at a time when comfort is most needed. Helping the little home that's crushed beneath an iron hand by showing mercy in a healthy, human way; rebuilding it, in fact, with stone on stone; replenishing empty bins and empty cupboards; bringing warmth to hearts and hearths too long neglected.

Seeing all things with a mother's sixth sense that's blind to jealousy and meanness; seeing men in their true light, as naughty

children — snatching, biting, bitter—but with a hidden side that's quickest touched by mercy.



Reaching out her hands across the sea to No Man's land: to cheer with warmer comforts thousands who must stand and wait in stenciled and crawling holes and water-soaked entrenchments where cold and wet bite deeper, so they write, than Boche steel or lead.

She's warming thousands, feeding thousands, healing thousands from her store; the Greatest Mother in the World—the RED CROSS.

Every Dollar of a Red Cross War Fund goes to War Relief

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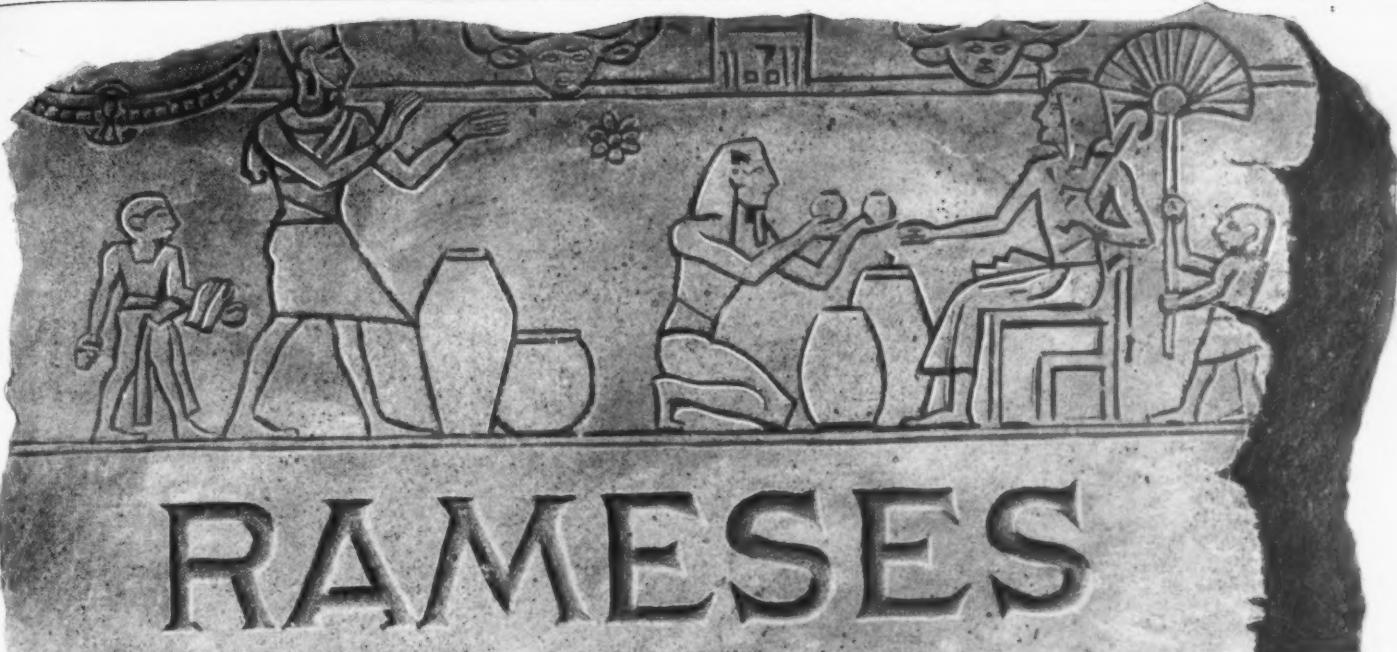


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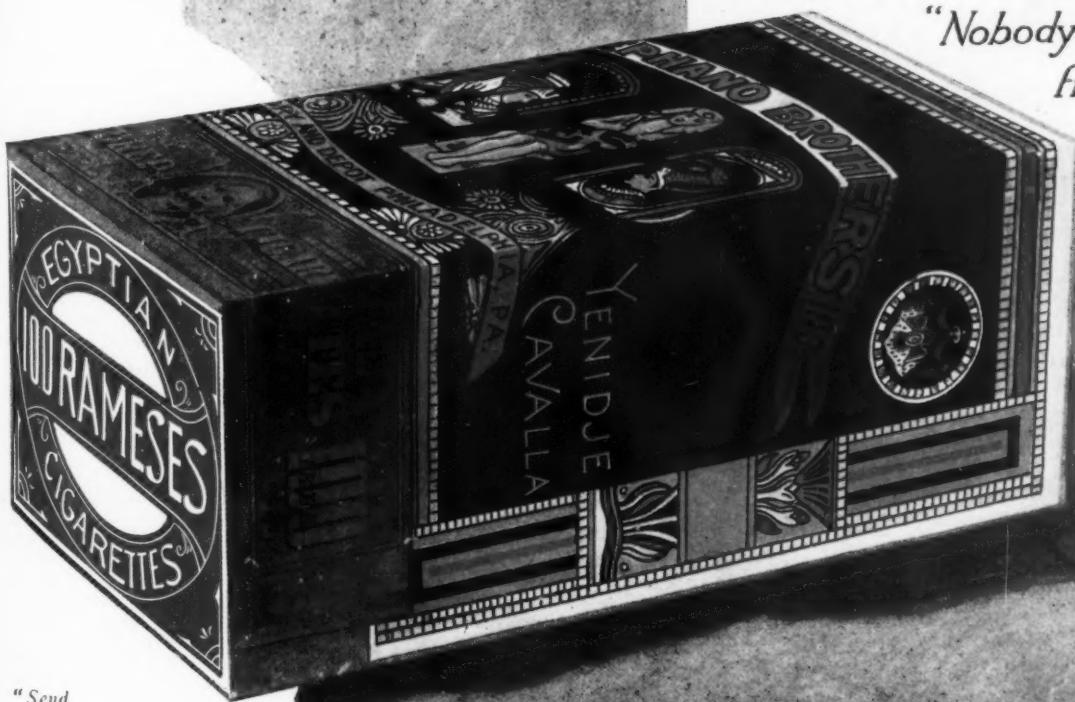


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condition — it is sealed,
absolutely air-tight."*



The Kodak Letter

The star in the window tells the story—their soldier is “over there.”

The morning letter of cheer and hope has been written and with it pictures are going, simple Kodak pictures of their own taking that tell the home story,—pictures that will bring a cheery smile to his face, a leap of joy to his heart, that will keep bright the fire of courage in his soul as with the home image fresh in mind he battles for the safety of that home and for the honor of his flag.

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